

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

VOL. XVII, NO. 5380

PORTSMOUTH, N. H. THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1902.

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JUST RECEIVED

Fine Line Of

Negligee Shirts To Retail At 50c

For a HALF DOLLAR SHIRT they cannot be duplicated. Also our line of better SHIRTS are coming in every day. The \$1.50 line is a very strong one; attached and detached cuffs.

HATS

In all Grades and quality, SOFT AND STIFF, CAPS for MEN and BOYS, all new. Also the celebrated HAWES HAT, the New York leader. None better and few as good, \$3.00.

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CLOTHING DEPARTMENT

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BIG BARGAINS IN WORKINGMEN'S TROUSERS.

Call and see our SPRING LINE of SAMPLES for your SPRING or SUMMER SUIT. Made to order by New York's leading tailor. Fit and workmanship guaranteed.

SUITS TO ORDER FROM \$15.00 UP.

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YOU CAN HAVE

NEW TIRES

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YACHT AND BOAT FITTINGS

Farming Tools, Lawn Mowers,
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Lawn Mowers, Watering Pots, Rubber Hose.

WE HAVE SOME HANDSOME PATTERNS IN

Screen Doors—Also, Window Screens and Screen Wire.

Rider & Cotton's,

65 MARKET STREET.

NEW HAMPTON

BRIDGE OPENED.

Gov. Jordan Runs The
First Car Over It.

GRAND BANQUET AT WHITTIER'S



GOVERNOR JORDAN.

Scores Of Prominent New
Hampshire And Massachu-
setts Men Present.

The new mile-long bridge across the mouth of Hampton river, which makes the trolley chain complete from York Beach to Boston, with the exception of the break caused by the Portsmouth and Kittery ferry, was formally opened to traffic on Wednesday afternoon.

The first car was run across the structure by His Excellency Gov. Chester B. Jordan. On the car were also various members of his staff, Wallace D. Lovell, the electric road promoter whose enterprise has made the bridge possible, and many prominent citizens of New Hampshire and Massachusetts.

Mr. Lovell had sent out about two

a fine menu, cooked and served after the appetizing fashion of that widely known and most hospitable hostelry. So large was the gathering that several tables in the smaller dining room had to be utilized to provide for the overflow.

The bill of fare was as follows:

Escalloped Oysters
Cold Turkey Cold Ham Cold Tongue
Chicken Salad Lobster Salad
Neapolitan Ice Cream
Assorted Cake
Coffee

Speechmaking was cut out entirely, all the entertainment along that line being limited to the exercises at

the formal speeches were delivered. Hon. Warren Brown of Hampton Falls acted as the presiding officer, introducing first Gov. Jordan, whose address was the principal one of the occasion.

His Excellency's remarks were marked by a brevity which was judicious, considering the nipping winds which swept the bridge and the necessity of a majority of the party catching certain trains home.

Gov. Jordan paid an eloquent and merited tribute to Mr. Lovell and also referred in a praiseworthy vein to Engineer Hood, who superintended the construction of the bridge. The speech was not without many witty comments of a timely nature.

Other orators were Railroad Commissioner Henry M. Putney of Manchester, Insurance Commissioner John C. Linehan of Penacook, Dr. Charles S. Murkland, president of New Hampshire college, Durham; N. J. Batchelder, secretary of the state board of agriculture; and Hon. John McLane of Milford.

At the conclusion of the speechmaking, the bulk of the assemblage returned on the special to Hampton depot, there connecting with the five o'clock train for this city, which landed them here in season to take the 5:25 train north. Others went west.

A number remained to attend the ball which was held in the Casino in the evening, afterward coming to Portsmouth to pass the night.

Dow's orchestra of Newburyport played for the dancing and also furnished music at Whittier's during the noon hour.

Those who participated in the pleasant events of the day were as follows: Gov. Chester B. Jordan of Lancaster; Councilors L. Brooks Bodwell of Manchester, Edward E. Truesdell of Suncook and James B. Tennant of Epsom; and the following members of the governor's staff: Gen. George D. Waldron of Concord, Gen. Rufus E. Graves of Rockingham Junction, Col. G. B. Emmons of Concord, Col. Lycurgus Pittman of North Conway, Col. C. T. Quinn of Nashua and Col. J. G. Quimby of Lakeport; Mayor John Pender, Sheriff Marcus M. Collins, Aldermen Thomas G. Lester, George A. Wood, Fred L. Martin, Herman A. Clark, Frank W. Knight and Charles E. Bailey; Councilmen S. P. A. Pickering, Edward A. Manent, E. C. Hepworth, Fred L. Stackpole, Charles G. Asay and Elisha B. Newman; County Commissioner Ceylon Spiney; Fred M. Sise, Portsmouth; Gen. Stephen H. Gale, Col. R. N. Elwell, Senator A. S. Wetherell, Charles H. Knight, George F. Richards, Attorney General E. G. Eastman, Eben Folsom, Dr. A. T. Severance, County Treasurer W. H. Follansby, Postmaster George N. Julian, Daniel Gilman, L. F. Smith, Edward E. Nowell, Exeter; George S. Butler, George W. Carrier, Frank W. Wodbury, C. W. Hobbs, Pelham; Mayor A. H. Whittemore, Postmaster John T. Welch, Daniel S. Hall, J. Frank Seavey, G. R. Barrett, Thomas H. Dearborn, O. A. Gibbs, F. E. Smith, A. C. Place, F. B. Clark, Dover; Judge Calvin Page, Col. True L. Norris, H. Fisher, Ellerslie, A. F. Howard, E. Percy Stoddard, Portsmouth; Aldermen Samuel F. Davis, Daniel J. Murphy, William F. Elliott and Mederique E. Maynard; Judge George H. Bingham, Eugene Quirin, Joseph Quirin, George H. Stevens, A. S. Newman and H. N. Davidson of the News, J. Ed Coffin of the Union, W. H. Topping, Manchester; Hon. Warren F. Daniel, Franklin; Lycurgus Pittman, North Conway; Chas. L. Maxwell, Lewis F. Soule, Benjamin R. Wheeler, Salem; G. D. Waldron, G. B. Emmons, Concord; C. E. Chase, Rockingham Junction; J. G. Quimby, Lakeport; Edward S. Wood, Bath; John A. Colby, Samuel W. George, Groveland; W. E. Lane, Howell; L. Lamprey, C. M. Dearborn, Hampton; Joseph J. Sawyer, W. S. Pillsbury, West Perry; George W. Paul, Newfields; George M. Hall, Stratham; E. P. Pinkham, John H. Griffin, Oliver P. Sanborn, A. C. Haines, T. E. Reilly, Joseph Pinkham, Newmarket; Joseph R. Rowe, James Rowe, Brentwood; A. A. Collins, Danville; W. A. Allen, Hampstead; Charles H. Burke, Nashua; George C. Jackman, Lawrence;

Joseph Harris, Harry R. Seaver, Plaistow; John G. Rowe, Sumner Hoyt, A. J. Sawyer, Newton; Joseph O. Hobbs, North Hampton; Hon. John McLane, Milford; W. D. Cowle, Amherst; J. B. Merrill, and George B. Merrill, East Kingston; Thomas P. Owen, Seabrook; Charles W. Ordway, West Newbury; William H. Walton, Seabrook; Charles Bartlett, editor of the News, Derry; Daniel J. Webster, Boscawen; George E. Gowan, Stratton; John Goodall, president of common council, Portsmouth; W. G. Meloon, general manager of the Portsmouth Kittery and York street railway, Kittery; Enoch N. Nichols, Newton; Emory N. Eaton, Seabrook; A. W. Childs, Manchester; H. G. Sargent, Concord; Carl C. Patten, Nashua; John A. Stevens, Salisbury; Porter Sargent, Salisbury; Ben McPherson and Martin L. Piper, Auburn; Hon. E. P. Shaw, James F. Shaw, E. P. Shaw, Jr., Moody Kimball, Daniel H. Fowle, Newburyport, Mass.; Senator Carlton S. Howe, John A. Colby, Lewis E. Hovey and E. B. Fuller, Haverhill, Mass.; George W. Osgood, Seth Clark, R. I. Griggs, E. R. Griggs, Amesbury.

The new bridge was built by the Lovell Electric Railroad company and is the longest bridge in New England, measuring 4823 feet. It is 29 feet wide and cost about \$100,000. The bridge is on the direct line of New Hampshire's ocean boulevard, now in process of construction, and in time will become a part of it. Work on the structure was begun more than a year ago, and an immense amount of material was consumed in its building.

MACLAY'S HISTORY BARRED.

President Roosevelt Says It Will Not Be Used as a Textbook While He Is President.

Washington, May 14.—"Never while I am president of the United States shall Maclay's history be used at the Naval academy as a textbook," President Roosevelt with these words brought to a close a conference with Representative Mudd of Maryland, leader of the Schley faction in the house, in the course of which Mr. Mudd had told the president that the naval appropriation bill would soon be before the house for discussion, and then he would take issue with the president's opinion that the Schley controversy should be buried forever. Mr. Mudd said that he intended to offer an amendment to the clause of the bill making appropriation for textbooks so as to bar out Maclay's history of the navy. This, he explained, would give congress an opportunity to go on record against the slanders and calumnies of Admiral Schley which Maclay is alleged to have worked into the book. Although gratified by the president's declaration, Mr. Mudd remains firm in the intention to put the house on record.

TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

It Is Now Complete, With The Exception of a Mile and a Half Tunnel.

Seattle, Wash., May 14.—The Trans-Siberian railway is completed all but the opening of a tunnel one and one-half miles in length, and will be ready for general traffic the latter part of this year, according to George Janson, who for a number of years has been a construction engineer on the road. Mr. Janson arrived here yesterday from the far east and is on his way to St. Petersburg, his home, which he has not visited for several years. He has been employed on the Trans-Siberian railway ever since he completed his education at St. Petersburg and is returning to Russia through the United States in order to observe the conditions here and the progress made in all material lines.

HARRINGTON THE MAN.

Succeeds Admiral Coghlan As Captain of New York Navy Yard.

Washington, May 14.—It is learned at the navy department that Admiral Coghlan is to be second in command on the North Atlantic station and his successor as captain of the yard at New York will be Capt. P. F. Harrington, who has been detached from the Portsmouth navy yard.

17,000 CHILDREN JAILED.

Chicago, May 14.—Wholesale arrests of children and their imprisonment in police stations for trivial offences have been ordered stopped by Mayor Harrison. According to Supt. Bodine of the department of compulsory education, 17,000 children under the age of sixteen were arrested in Chicago last year, a large proportion of whom were exposed to the contaminating influences of the cell rooms of police stations. The mayor's attention was called to the law which makes it illegal to detain a child under twelve years of age in a police station, or confine one under sixteen years in the same building with adult prisoners.

ADMIRAL COGHLAN'S CHOICE.

Washington, May 14.—Rear Admiral J. B. Coghlan has been detached from duty as captain of the yard at New York and ordered to Washington for special duty. Admiral Coghlan has his choice of the League Island navy yard or second in command of the North Atlantic squadron, but has not yet indicated his selection.

AT GUATEMALA.

Pearful Loss of Life By
Earthquakes.

1100 Bodies Taken From Ruins
Of One City.

Total Death List Estimated To Be
2000 Souls.

San Francisco, May 14.—The Pacific steam navigation company's steamer Guatemala arrived in port this morning bringing news of the terrific havoc wrought by earthquakes in Central America during the month of April.

Capt. Harris of the Guatemala was an eye witness to many of the distressing scenes resulting from the shocks, and gives a very graphic description of the terrible affair.

"It was 20 minutes after 3 on the evening of April 18 last," said Capt. Harris, "that the first shock was felt at Guatemala. It was a very violent quake and lasted for sixty-two minutes. At San Jose de Luce the earth shook for fifty minutes incessantly.

"A fearful loss of life and untold damage to property resulted.

"At Guatemala, the cathedral was badly damaged. Nearly all of the smaller churches were demolished and the church of Santa Teresa was irretrievably wrecked from being struck by a thunderbolt.

"Intermittent shocks were felt for over forty-eight hours after the first disturbance. The Esquimbira church of Quetzaltenango has been utterly ruined and the beautiful palace has been utterly destroyed.

"Just what the total number of lives lost is I cannot state. It is estimated at about 2000. We left Guatemala on April 25, and up to that time 1100 bodies had been taken out of the ruins at Quetzaltenango. They were still removing the dead when we sailed. The stench from the unburied corpses was frightful, and to avoid the pestilence they have been compelled to employ large gangs of men to clear the wreckage of the dead.

"Natives of the interior are flocking to Guatemala. The inhabitants are terror stricken. Farms have been deserted and there are grave fears of a famine in consequence.

"The Pacific coast suffered far greater damage than the Atlantic. The loss will amount to thousands and thousands of dollars."

Capt. Harris said the merchants of Guatemala were doing all in their power to alleviate the poor and distressed. Credit has been extended in many instances for four and five years.

Many of the wealthy planters have lost their entire fortunes. The catastrophe was a severe one and one from which it will take considerable time for the survivors to recover.

BASEBALL.

The following is the result of the baseball games played yesterday:

National League.

Pittsburg 5, Boston 10; at Pittsburg, St. Louis 7, New York 10; at St. Louis, Chicago 0, Brooklyn 2; at Chicago, Cincinnati 5, Philadelphia 6; at Cincinnati.

American League.

Philadelphia 5, Boston 1; at Philadelphia, Washington 4, Baltimore 1; at Washington, Chicago 12, St. Louis 2; at Chicago, Cleveland 2, Detroit 3; at Cleveland.

New England League.

Lawrence 2, Haverhill 11; at Lawrence, Dover 6, Fall River 1; at Dover, Concord 21, Nashua 1; at Concord, Manchester 6, Lowell 7; at Manchester.

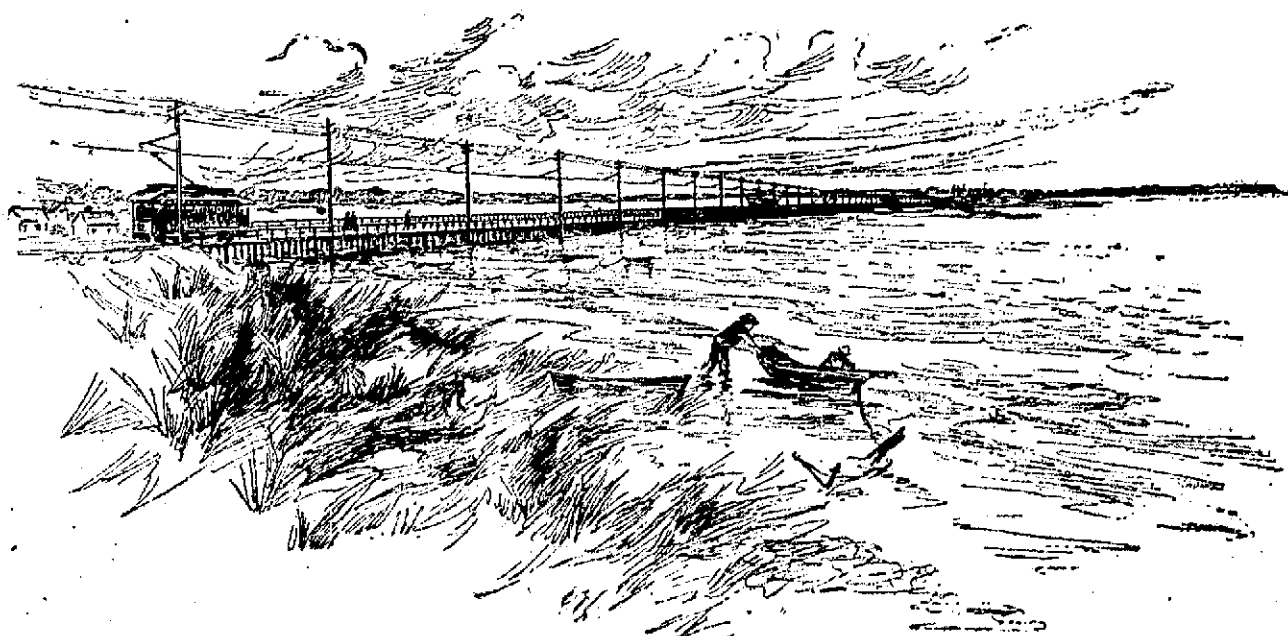
Andover 3, Holy Cross 14; at Andover, Exeter 1, Harvard Freshmen 0; at Exeter, Dartmouth 5, Tufts 3; at Hanover.

FURNISHED BONDSMEN.

Thomas Dwyer was arrested on Wednesday afternoon on complaint of Superintendent of Schools H. C. Morrison, who alleges that Dwyer has been in the habit of allowing his children to remain away from school contrary to the laws of the city. Dwyer furnished bondsmen for his appearance in police court this morning and was allowed to depart.

NIXON IS OUT.

New York, May 14.—Lewis Nixon resigned as leader of Tammany hall this afternoon.



THE HAMPTON RIVER BRIDGE

hundred invitations to the event and the recipients were present almost to a man.

Those from up the state arrived in Exeter on the morning trains and were whisked on special cars down to Hotel Whittier. There they were joined by scores of others from Portsmouth and vicinity, on the one side, and Massachusetts, on the other.

At high noon, all these guests were bidden into the large dining room of the Whittier, for the consideration of

the bridge. About two o'clock the party boarded special cars and were taken to the bridge, five miles away. On the foremost car was the Exeter band, which played several selections upon arrival at the river.

All the specials ran right across the bridge, the exercises being held at the Seabrook end. Besides those present by specific invitation, there must have been fully five hundred other persons assembled about the platform where

Thomas P. Cheney, Ashland; Ralph H. Hood, Hampton; Warren Brown, Hampton Falls; William A. Rand, South Seabrook; William E. Biddell, Joseph H. Worthington, J. A. Fuller, Selectmen F. R. Whitteer, E. E. Sanborn and Janson Spofford, J. E. Brierley and Edwin J. Graves of the News, Judge George W. Cate, W. W. Hawkes, Amesbury; J. W. Weeks and S. H. Weeks, Greenland; John H. Noyes, Moses B. Dow, B. G. Flanders, John W. Sleeper, F. S. Davis, C. W. Cass,

IN MIDAIR AT NIGHT.

THE EARTH AS SEEN FROM A BALLOON BY MOONLIGHT.

A Beautiful Picture Wherein Lakes, Look Like Beds of Molten Silver. Echoes That Float Up Faintly From the Earth.

A correspondent formed one of Mr. Spencer's party in a balloon ascent at night from the Crystal Palace. His experiences are interesting. "At 1,000 feet high," he writes, "we were over some suburban railway station, and the sight of a train rushing along a curved cutting was one not to be forgotten. It was like a comet with a fiery gold head and a silver tail. The moonlight on the trail of smoke made it look like the rapids of a river in moonlight, a rushing mass of silver water. The engine was a glow of fiery red. You saw no train. At 9:53 the smell of gas told us we were rising, and we commenced the work of testing echoes. I may here remark that there are two grave objections to balloon traveling—the one is that you cannot smoke and the other that you perpetually smell gas.

"In testing acoustically, I am afraid we did not succeed in gaining any air echo, though one at 1,000 feet—went up in all to nearly 3,000 feet—was suspected. Echoes distinct we had in plenty, but they undoubtedly came from the balloon above us, and none—except perhaps the one dubious one I have referred to—from the empyrean. Echoes from the earth showed the air to be very variable in its carrying power. For a long distance, traveling at a height of 1,000 feet, the air remained singularly opaque acoustically, and not a trace of echoes could be caught, but later, at 2,400 feet, they became and remained very loud. Again, 25 minutes later and 300 feet lower, they had become distinctly feeble. The resonator, which Mr. Bacon, a member of the party, constantly used, showed the same striking acoustic variation.

"Mr. Bacon had with him an exquisitely sensitive air thermometer, which showed remarkably the variations in temperature during the steady ascent of the balloon. The temperature rose rapidly up to about 500 feet, at which elevation we encountered a colder stratum. Soaring through this, we rose another 100 feet, again into warmer air; then, through a second and a third shallow cold stratum, but at 1,000 feet we had entered an equable region, for an ascent of 1,000 feet or 1,700 feet higher gave us no practical change in the conditions, and, as acoustic experiments were to be a principal part of the night's work, we kept below an altitude of 3,000 feet. At the higher altitudes there was no water vapor noticeable in the spectrum.

"The brilliancy of the moon was very markedly increased as we flew higher, and lunar details easily seen with field glasses from earth became difficult to gaze at. Seen through good glasses in deed the moon was simply dazzlingly and tryingly brilliant. As I bent to the Davy lamp we carried to read the aneroid to Mr. Bacon—Mr. Spencer could read it by the moonlight—it recorded 1,800 feet, and a clock below could be heard distinctly striking 10. At 2,000 feet it was marvelous to note the clean cut shadow of the balloon which the moon gave. As we threw out said its shadow could be seen dropping from the balloon, first in a broad stream, then as it disintegrated and the particles separated widening into a nebula shade to disappear altogether as it dropped earthward. Inevitably before knew what moonlight could be. Every road, way, hedge and rivulet stood out as clear as if we were looking down on a large scale map.

"I have already alluded to the acoustic experiments that were made, and these proved amusing as well as instructive. At 1,200 feet we were getting splendid ground echoes from both voice and trumpet, and at this height, passing over one village, we created quite an excitement. Our hail of 'What is the name of this place?' was heard and answered, but we could not catch the name, except that it ended in 'row' or 'road.' Not at every village did we get word from the human denizens, but we never failed to rouse the dogs. If a 'belle' didn't do it, the trumpet never failed. At 2,400 feet so clear was the night that you could see the post cards we threw out flutter down, down, almost to the ground. At that height also the ground echoes came up quite clear, if somewhat faint, and dogs barking might almost have been in one's next door neighbor's garden.

"One superb effect was that of the moon's rays on any large collection of glass houses—we passed over several nursery gardens. Over a spread of these the sight was magnificent, though the effect was but momentary and had to be caught at the proper angle, but for the moment it turned the whole into a lake of molten silver. It was eerie to look down and see the trail rope stretching 500 feet down into space, but it was a grand way of realizing the idea of speed. If you sat in the bottom of the car, you felt absolutely as if you were motionless, though we were really traveling at the rate of some 20 or 25 miles an hour. Looking over the edge of the car down on the trail rope you could easily note how fast the rate of speed was, for, watching the end, as it hung in a plumb line from the car, you could mark how swiftly a huge wood or field was left behind. The only sensation in the slightest degree unpleasant felt at the highest altitude we reached was a slight stinging in the ears. The party alighted at Aylesford without mishap."—London Chronicle.

Why He Breaks His Word.
Hox—Jigley is thinking of setting his son up in business.
Jox—He'll never do. He's forever breaking his word.
"So?"
"Yes. He stutters frightfully."—Philadelphia Record.

THADY O'DOWDAS' BRIDE.

A Curious Legend of the Kings of Connacht.

Far back in the misty past when every man in Ireland was a saint or a king—and, begorra, there was some was both—the great O'Dowdas reigned in Connacht. They were mighty fine kings and warriors. No battin them at all for fightin big battles, crackin a skull after a fair, emptyin a quart or skinn a purty girl, God forgive them. One fine summer's evenin Thady, the second son—not the heir to the crown—was on the seashore, waitin for the tide. He had just set his fishin lines and put down his lobster pots, for, though he was the son of a king and had hundreds of servants, he was no way proud at all and would put his hand to anything from liftin a croel of turf on an old woman's back to drivin the cow out of the neighbor's field of oats.

Well, as I said, he was just waitin, lyin on the rocks wid his caubeen pulled down on his nose (the sun was in his eyes). He was listenin to a kind of a little song that he didn't rightly understand. It was a little drone, mixin up a kind of bird and the wind blowin and water playin on the pebbles—a queer sort of a little song that made him wonder greatly, so he rested on his elbow, lookin round to see what was it at all.

He saw just forinst him where the tide was out somethin sittin on a rock covered with seaweed. He saw a very white arm movin up and down, comb in long hair. He was puzzled what to do. He said to himself, "That's a dangerous place for bathin, and it's me duty to warn the lady." But still, he was very polite, as became his high station, he did not like to interrupt a lady's dressin, but he decided it was better to vex her itself than to let her be drowned. He just thought he'd see who it was, so he walked quietly, and when he got near enough to see what was it but a young girl with beauty there never was the like, and that's a great word to say in Ireland, where the purty girls are so plentiful. She was combin her hair with the backbone of a fish and lookin at herself in a pool of water, and a garment of seaweed on her that looked for all the world like brown satin.

When she turned her head, combin out the long hair, Thady, scokin the beautiful fair and lily white neck, "Mebba," says he to himself, "the other half of her is a colfish." So he peeped down into the pool, and then he saw two purty white little feet, with pink toes, that couldn't be matched by any ladies in his father's court. So he stole behind the crayture and caught the arm that had the comb. She turned round in a great fright and struggled hard.

Thady told her to be quiet and come home with him easy, that he was a king's son and would make an honest woman of her, and that there was many in his father's dominions would be on ly too glad of the offer; but she, poor crayture, didn't know a word he was sayin, and began to cry and look at the sea. Every now and again she'd make a dart to get off, but Thady held her firm, when suddenly a lovely neck, face of amber fell off her neck. Thady knew by the look of her eye she could not go home without it, as it was by the power of it she could resist at the bottom of the ocean. So he gripped it tight and put it in his pocket, and she walked quiet by his side to his father's palace.

The old people raised great difficulty 'bout the marriage. As an old, ancient family, it was fitting they should know who they were bringin with their family; but Thady, never heedin a word they said, married the sea lady, and a purty respectable wife she made, too, and beyond eatin an odd sea rod or bunch of dillisk she was much like the other ladies.

She bore Thady four sons, and there was nothin fishy about them, but as due children as was in the province of Connacht. One evenin, when the eldest son was just 11 years old, he told his mother he saw his father hide a shinin, purty thing in the hayrick when he was buildin it. Next mornin, when the family arose, the hayrick was scattered to the four winds of heaven, the neck-lace gone and the sea lady disappeared and never was heard of again, but when any member of the O'Dowdas family dies the west coast of Ireland teams with razor fish.—New Ireland.

Poet and His Pipe.

Some of his friends taunted Tennyson that he could never give up tobacco. "Anybody can do that," he said, "if he chooses to do it." When his friends still continued to doubt and tease him, "Well," he said, "I shall give up smoking from tonight." The very same evening I was told that he throw his pipes and tobacco out of the window of his bedroom.

The next day he was most charming, though somewhat self righteous. The second day he became very moody and capricious; the third day no one knew what to do with him. But after a disturbed night I was told that he got out of bed in the morning, went quietly into the garden, picked up one of his broken pipes, stuffed it with the remains of the tobacco scattered about, and then having had a few puffs came to breakfast, all right again. Nothing was said any more about giving up tobacco.—Auld Lang Syne.

Locomotive Puffs.

The cough or puff of a railway engine is due to the abrupt emission of waste steam up the chimney. When moving slowly, the cough can of course be heard following each other quite distinctly, but when speed is put on the puffs come out one after the other much more rapidly, and when 18 couplings are produced they cannot be separately distinguished by the ear. A locomotive running at the rate of nearly 70 miles an hour gives out 20 puffs of steam every second—that is, ten for each of its two cylinders.

A LUCULLUS DINNER.

ONE FEAST THAT ASTOUNDED TWO OF HIS FRIENDS.

Pompey and Cicero Tried to Catch the Famous Gormand in a Trap, but the Roman Spendthrift Fairly Outwitted Them.

"Bright Sides of History" is the title of a series of articles by E. H. House in St. Nicholas. In a story form, introducing modern boys and girls, the author recounts some of the most amusing episodes in history. The following is one of his stories:

"Lucullus was very fond of fine dinners—more so than was good for him in his later years. In early life he was one of the greatest of Roman generals, and at middle age he had kingdoms at his feet. But, like many public men of that period, he was pursued by envious enemies, and instead of making a stand against them he gave up all his glory and devoted himself to idle luxury. Although he was enormously rich, he amazed his friends by the amount of money he spent in feasting them. No matter at what hour a visitor called a costly banquet was always ready to be served. People who were intimate with him often tried to catch him unprepared, but no one ever succeeded. The most artful trap of all was set by Pompey and Cicero, but Lucullus was too sharp even for these able men."

"Do you mean," asked Harry, his eyes round with astonishment, "do you mean the great Pompey and Cicero we hear so much about at school?"

"The very same. Those were the men. Did you think that Pompey was always fighting battles, and that Cicero did nothing but speak pieces in the senate? Oh, no. They used to vary these occupations by strolling about the forum on pleasant afternoons, and one day they met Lucullus, strolling like themselves, and laid a plan to take him by surprise. They said they had a particular favor to ask. He promised to do anything in his power, and then they proposed to dine with him that very day, on condition that he should make no preparations and give no instructions, but let them share the ordinary meal intended for himself.

"Lucullus had not expected this. Though he was extravagant enough even when wholly alone, he could not bear to entertain guests without a good deal of extra extravagance on their account. So he tried to make an appointment for the next day, but they would not listen to him. Then he wanted to call his servants, and they objected to this also, suspecting that he might contrive to give some secret orders. They insisted that he should not open his lips to any one besides themselves, but just ramble around until dinner time and then take them directly to his dwelling. Here he made a stand. He protested, reasonably enough, that they demanded too much. He had left home without even saying that he should go back there to dine. At least his friends must allow him to announce that he would return at the customary hour. Otherwise there might be no food at all.

"They saw no harm in this, and, after consulting together, agreed that he could send that one short message and nothing more, but he must employ a stranger to do the errand, and must speak to him in his hearing, so that they could guard against any suspicious words or private signals. Lucullus pretended to be extremely troubled and declared that they deserved nothing fit to eat. Nevertheless he consented, and calling a public messenger gave this direction, 'Go to my house and tell the steward to serve dinner in the Apollo as usual.' Pompey and Cicero were delighted. They kept close to their host through the rest of the day, feeling sure that, though they would have an excellent meal, they had prevented him this time from making one of the gorgeous displays in which he revelled.

"When at last the three entered the dining-room the sight of the table almost took away their breath. It was decorated with a magnificence they had not dreamed of. But this was nothing to what followed. Course after course of the rarest food was set before them, with wines that were almost beyond price, until at the end they calculated that the cost of the repast could not have been less than a sum equal to \$10,000 in our money of today."

"Why that is a small fortune to spend for one dinner!" exclaimed Percy.

"You may say so, indeed. They were quite right in their reckoning. Lucullus had outwitted them and carried his point exactly as he wished."

"How, uncle? Tell us how!" the children cried.

"Think it out for yourselves," said Uncle Claxton, but the only attempt at a solution came from Dick, who after pondering deeply caused an outburst of mirth by remarking that perhaps it was Friday. Dick evidently imagined that the explanation which had cleared up the mystery of his uncle's dinner might be good enough for anything in ancient Rome.

"No, no, Dicky," said Uncle Claxton, "that's not the secret. You must remember the message which Lucullus sent to his steward—that he would 'dine in the Apollo.' He had several dining halls, named after various Roman gods, and all differently arranged for different kinds of feasts. He had only to mention which of these he would occupy to let his servants know what preparations were necessary and precisely how much money should be spent. It was the rule that a dinner or supper in the Apollo should cost a sum equal to about \$10,000 of our American money, and it was at this rate that Pompey and Cicero were entertained. They did not learn till long after how Lucullus had managed the affair."

Explosive Shells.

Walking along the beach on Mobile bay a young woman, a relative of the writer, picked up a handful of little shells, left by the tide, and among them several shells of a small marine "snail," the largest of which was probably a half inch in diameter and the smallest some three-eighths of an inch. She dropped them into her pocket and forgot all about them until several days afterward, when an unpleasant odor in her wardrobe attracted her attention to them. On taking them out of the pocket some fell on the floor, and in recovering them she placed her foot on one. The act was followed by an explosion, quite sharp and loud enough to be heard all over the floor on which her room is.

Astonished, she concluded to try another, and the same result followed. The shells were then brought to the writer, who on examination found the mouth of each firmly closed by a membrane of greater or less thickness, formed by the drying of the animal slime. This had probably occurred soon after removal from the moisture of the beach, and the little inhabitant of the shell dying, the gases of decomposition had quite filled its internal space. On exerting a little pressure by squeezing the shell between two blocks of wood quite a loud explosion was produced, the fragments of the shell being thrown several feet. Subsequently on trying the experiment out of a dozen shells only two failed to explode. The conditions most favorable to success in making the experiment seem to be removal from the beach in very hot, dry weather, which causes the slime to be exuded in greater quantity than usual and dries it up rapidly as it exudes.—National Druggist.

Woman in India.

The present position of women cannot be better shown than by the following extract from a government prize book for the girls' schools in the Bombay Presidency: "If the husband of a virtuous woman be ugly, of good or bad disposition, diseased, fiendish, irascible, a drunkard, old, stupid, dumb, blind, deaf, but tempered, poor, extremely covetous, a slanderer, cowardly, perfidious and immoral, nevertheless she ought to worship him as a god, with mind, speech and person."

"The wife who gives an angry answer to her husband will become a village pariah dog. She will also become a female jackal and live in an uninhabited desert. The woman who eats sweetmeats without sharing them with her husband will become a hen owl, living in a hollow tree. The woman who walks alone without her husband will become a filthy eating village cow. The woman who speaks disrespectfully to her husband will be dumb in the next incarnation. The woman who hates her husband's relative will become, from birth to birth, a muskrat, living in filth."—Church Gazette.

E. W. GROVE.

This name must appear on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets, the remedy that cures a cold in one day. 25 cents.

A Roman Peace Jubilee.

Probably the most gorgeous peace jubilee that the world has ever seen was that celebrating at Rome the four triumphs of the first Cæsar. So magnificent were these triumphs that they were celebrated at intervals of several days lest the populace should be cloyed by very splendor. They commemorated the final conquest of all Gaul, the defeat of Ptolemæus, the subjection of Phænicæ and the victory over Juba. Never had the Eternal City, then standing upon the threshold of empire, ever seen the like. The Egyptian Princess Arsinoë and the son of the king of Numidia walked captives behind the car of the conqueror.

Costly figures and portraits of the slain enemies of the republic, representing the manner of their death, were borne by Gallic slaves or carried in litters by the men who had fought under the originals. Scipio, too, was shown plunging into the sea; Cato, burying his sword in his own bosom, and Demetrius, wounded in the back in token of his flight. Nor did the celebration stop with the processions. The most sumptuous banquets were served in the public squares, in one of which citizens reclined before 22,000 tables groaning under the accumulated weight of the most luxurious delicacies.

Public games were given and gladiators recruited from the most courageous prisoners fought with wild beasts from the ends of the earth and the circus was hung with huge awnings of silk brought from India at a time when a queen could not afford that material for her coronation robes.—Philadelphia Press.

Animals Like Tobacco.

"I have been an inveterate user of tobacco in some form for the past 40 years and during that time have had much to do with all sorts of wild beasts, which, I have found, are nearly all more or less partial to the smell of tobacco." "No, no, Dicky," said Uncle Claxton, "that's not the secret. You must remember the message which Lucullus sent to his steward—that he would 'dine in the Apollo.' He had several dining halls, named after various Roman gods, and all differently arranged for different kinds of feasts. He had only to mention which of these he would occupy to let his servants know what preparations were necessary and precisely how much money should be spent. It was the rule that a dinner or supper in the Apollo should cost a sum equal to about \$10,000 of our American money, and it was at this rate that Pompey and Cicero were entertained. They did not learn till long after how Lucullus had managed the affair."

This trademark on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets, the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

CHINESE JUSTICE.

It Is Meted Out With a Vigor That Shocks Europeans.

One night we halted at a place called Huangy, which in the stern, stiff language of "The Universal Grazier" may be said to be a small town in the Yunnan province of China; population about 5,000; products, teas and other small deer. We were making a hurried escape from the wretched place when Lowe suddenly missed his camera. Five minutes before starting it was strapped on the machine, but now it was gone. A swift run was made to the inn, had the landlord seen it? No, he had not, and besides he didn't want to be disturbed, for he was eating rice. Had anybody seen the camera? Not a soul.

There was nothing for it but a visit to the mandarin at the yamen. He was a kindly young fellow of about our own age. He listened quietly while the loss was explained, and when he understood there had been thieving he turned the color of paper with rage. A troop of soldiery was dispatched to the inn with orders to arrest everybody!

There is a Chinese proverb about the advisability of the dead keeping out of hell and the living out of yamens. Landlord, cook, sweeper, stable cleaner and all the hangers on were, however, marched to the yamen in chains, and every one was trembling with fright. There was much confused jabbering. In the end one of the men was marched away, but in ten minutes he was brought back with the camera. His countenance proclaimed him an arrant rogue, and when the mandarin saw that the leather case had not been open with a knife and was informed that three photographic appliances were still missing his rage was unbounded. Putting on his magisterial robes, he sentenced the thief to be thrashed. He held up one hand as an inquiry if 50 strokes would be sufficient punishment. Plenty, intimated the foreigner. Down was the man pitched on his face, the legs tied, the flesh bared and heavy fell the blows.

"Well," said Lowe, "as I've been put to considerable inconvenience by this rascal, I think I'll take a snap shot of his thrashing." And one was taken. The beating went on and on, the ruffian screamed and blood was running from the wounds on his limbs.

"Hasn't he had the 50 yet?" was asked.

"Fifty! Why his punishment is 500 strokes, and he has not had 400 yet." A plea was put forward for mercy, but the mandarin, with his lips tight, would not listen. It was no good telling him that the quality of mercy was not strained, or that it droppeth like the dew from heaven or that it became the monarch better than his crown. He was paid to punish offenders, and he was going to punish them. However, it was soon all over, and the wretch lay on the ground groaning, writhing and bleeding.

Then in marched the soldiery with five other men heavily manacled. The prisoners fell on their knees and put their foreheads on the ground. The mandarin heeled the lot like a Parisian judge. He fixed on one as the ringleader of the robbery. If 500 stripes was the punishment of an accomplice, what must be the chastisement of the thief in chief? Torture was reserved for him.

He was made to sit on his haunches. His wrists were tied tightly in front of his knees, and a pole was stuck between his arms and his legs and then rested on two tables, so that the culprit swung head downward. Strong twine was slip knotted about each big toe, and two of the soldiers pulled apart. This necessarily brought a tremendous strain on the roped wrists. They blackened immediately.

The agony must have been excruciating, for the man screamed. He began curling and twisting, but a soldier went forward and put his foot on the thief's dragging pigtail and so kept his head down. The victim foamed at the mouth, and whenever he was on the point of losing consciousness he was raised up by the cue to give him breathing space, swung head downward again, and the twine about his toes tugged. It was in vain for the foreigner to appeal that the barbarous torture should cease. There was nothing for it but to forsake the sickening and revolting spectacle.—Travel.

Pat's Funny Sayings.

A reply of a somewhat mixed character was given by the gamekeeper of an estate near Tralee to a gentleman of the town who requested leave for a day's shooting. "Sure, yer honour may as well do the poachin as any other blackguard out of Tralee." Of course the gamekeeper meant that the gentleman might as well enjoy the advantages of the preserves as the boys from Tralee, who were in the habit of surreptitiously coursing the estate for hares and rabbits.

Writing about poaching recalls the comic answer given by a country girl who on offering a salmon for sale to a fishmonger in Limerick was questioned as to how she had obtained the fish. "Sure," she ingeniously replied, "my father is poacher to Lord Clats." Two men were fighting in the streets of Cork. One got the other down and was administering to him a severe punishment, when the man below cried out to the onlookers, "Oh, tare us ashonor, or we'll murder ahe other!"—London Standard.

Spencer's Books.

Herbert Spencer makes the following interesting statement in a letter to the London Times: "During the first 12 years of my literary life every one of my books failed to pay for its paper, print and advertisements and for many years after failed to pay my small living expenses—every one of them made me poorer. Nevertheless the 40,000,000 of people constituting the nation demanded of the impoverished brain worker five gratis copies of each. That is, only one simile occurring to me which at all represents the fact, and that in but a feeble way—Dives asking alms of Lazarus."

AN OLD GALLERY GOD.

THE THEATER IN THE HAPPY DAYS WHEN HE WAS A BOY.

How He Got In a Front Seat and Enjoyed the Show—The Well Dressed Villain and the Tattered but Diamond Ringed Heroine.

A prosperous looking man with a 52 inch waistband stopped and looked at the long line of boys formed before the gallery door of one of the local theaters a little before half past 7 o'clock the other evening.

"I used to be No. 1 and never worse than No. 10 in that line myself," said the man. "I've never enjoyed the theater so much since as I did then. When I was a kid in this town, about the age of those boys in that line, I used to take in a show once a week—on Saturday night always. I couldn't afford more'n a quarter a week for theatricals, for I was only making \$2.50 a week carrying bundles.

"The store that I carried bundles for closed up at 6 o'clock on Saturday night, the same as other nights, and I remember how I used to scramble home and bolt my supper so that I could get down town again to get the best place in the line before the gallery door. I'd generally make it by 7 o'clock or a little after, and I don't remember ever getting left on a front seat right on the rail.

"It used to be as cold as the dickens standing in that line sometimes, but that didn't make any difference. We'd just stamp our feet and crowd closer together, and the cold didn't bother us. Occasionally, too, it would rain hard while we were standing in the line, but that wouldn't ent anyce either. I never saw the rainstorm yet that could break the gallery line up when I was a boy. I don't know how that is now.

"Us boys in front of the line could hear the man inside walking toward the door from the inside to open it on the stroke of half past 7, and then we'd crouch and gather ourselves together for the rush. The man that opened the door had to hustle for his life inside the box office to keep us from running him down and stamping over him. I always had my quarter ready and pat and tight in my right hand, and to slap it down on the box office shelf, get a big pasteboard ticket and dive for the long gallery stairs was about as quick work as I ever did. I'd surely keel over from apoplexy if I tried anything like that on now.

"The winding stairs were about a mile high, but I'd make 'em about four at a clip, and in no time I'd be past the ticket taker at the entrance to the gallery and falling—literally falling—down the steps to get a seat on the rail. The gallery 'ud always be about as dark as a dungeon at that early hour, and it was a case of groping to find the aisles in order to fall down the steps to a seat on the rail.

"In my left hand overcoat pocket I generally had a paper of peanuts, and I'd munch on 'em and watch the gallery fill up. I made it a point to look around a good deal in order to make the boys in the back rows jealous of me in my rail seat, right on or close to the middle aisle. The boys in the row behind the rail row would generally retaliate on the boys sitting in the rail row by wiping their muddy shoes on the overcoats of the rail row boys, the overcoats being slung over the backs of the seats and therefore tempting opportunities for that kind of thing.

"Along toward 8 o'clock the boys in the gallery would begin to stamp and whistle, the fallacious idea being that the stamping and whistling would bring the lights up and the orchestra out quicker. I notice that the gallery boys don't do this any more. But, then, the gallery boys don't have so much as we used to have, I guess.

"When we smelled a strong odor of gas, we knew that the big chandelier hanging from the ceiling was going to suddenly light itself—that is, that the electric current (it was a new and wonderful idea then) was going to light the chandelier jets. They had to turn the gas on first, hence the precursory smell. When one of the orchestra men 'ud pop his head out of the little door underneath the stage, we'd all see him at once and give him a great send off.

"And how I used to enjoy a show in those days! How I used to hate the villain with his waxed black mustache and his shiny plug hat! How I used to feel for the heroine when she'd appear with her shrieking little boy in the snowstorm, with a torn, redhosed cloak carelessly thrown over her shoulders, and seven dazzling diamond rings on the fingers of both hands! How I did think the hero was the real thing when he said to her, 'I love you better than I do my life! How I used to thrill when the heroine, in reply to the top-coated villain's overtures, would twist around and say to him, 'Rags are royal raiment when worn for virtue's sake! And didn't the struggle on the cliff between the hero and villain for the possession of the knife and the forged will make my spine chill! And all the rest—all the rest."

"If the growing boy only knew what he's missing by growing!"—Washington Star.

Pulse For the Piano.

A piano tuner, who says that pianos frequently deteriorate because they are allowed to become too dry, prescribes this remedy: "Keep a growing plant in the room, and so long as your plant thrives your piano ought to or else there's something wrong with it. Just try it, and see how much more water you will have to put in the flowerpot in the room where your piano is than you use in any other room. Some people keep a huge vase or urn, with a sopping wet sponge in it, near or under the piano, and keep it moistened, as if an elgar dealer keeps his stock. They keep this up all the time the fire is on."

APOTHECARY'S GARDEN.

Ready Made Medicines About Which You Probably Know Little.

The money a man—especially a family man—spends on bottles of nasty medicines in a lifetime would take him on a holiday trip once or twice around the world or start one of his children in life. And all the time he has nature's own simple remedies, better than any chemist's concoctions, outside his door. In the lily of the valley, for instance, he has one of the best cures known for dropsy. Most often dropsy results from a weak heart, and the medicinal properties of lily of the valley brace up this organ to a pitch of the highest efficiency.

In the odorous coltsfoot we have another splendid remedy. Nothing can beat it in curing a cough, and even consumption sometimes yields to it. The Germans—who know more of medicine than any other people on earth—say that a pipeful of coltsfoot smoked occasionally will inevitably kill the consumption bacillus.

Foxglove is one of those old remedies which have stood the test of competition with the most modern remedies. It has never been surpassed as a heart tonic and is the sheet anchor of the physician in all cases of flabby and enlarged heart muscles.

Then, in horse chestnuts, we have a remedy for both rheumatism and whooping cough. One seldom hears of their use, no doubt, but that is because people have become so impressed with the high sounding titles of new discoveries.

Dandelion, however, holds its own in popular favor as a tonic for children, and a most effectual liver medicine for their parents.

Hops are also coming to the fore again. For dyspeptic and general weakness they are a splendid cure. And if people who cannot sleep used them instead of chloral hydrate, sulphonal and other dangerous drugs, there would be considerably fewer mysteriously sudden deaths.

For a reliever of pain one need look for nothing better than ordinary poppy-heads, and, in fact, they are extensively used for this purpose.

The expensive bark for which we go all the way to Peru is said to be not a whit better as a tonic than the woodbine that grows outside our own windows. And celery is, as most people are aware, a splendid nerve tonic.

Horse radish is one of those few things which doctors themselves take for their health. It is a safeguard against dyspepsia, as well as a highly stimulant brain drug.

The root of the humble blackberry, taken when cholera is about, acts like a charm in keeping off that terrible disease. Many doctors of even the modern school pin their faith to parsley root in preference to the expensive quinine, and mistletoe helps the tired heart to do its work, as well as acting as a sure preventive of bleeding.

The modest violet has its own medicinal properties. It cannot be surpassed as a lung healer, and it is also of great service in many skin diseases.

Wild cherry has many good qualities. If you are greatly excited, it calms you like magic; if your nerves are shaky, it tones them up, and if you are afraid of consumption you could not use anything better as a prophylactic. Sage is not much used now, but it is an excellent thing for pain in the stomach, acting somewhat like ginger. Red rose leaves, principally used to make medicines look and smell nice, are themselves a tonic of no mean power, and elder flowers, berries and bark have a great variety of uses. They are said to be good for rheumatism and epilepsy. When feverish, they make you perspire, and they are a pleasant substitute for sedatives and things of that sort.

Belladonna, or the well known deadly nightshade, is still recognized by doctors all over the world as a plant of many medicinal effects. It is a terrible poison, but in a plaster it cures the cramps of cholera; it reduces boils when used in the form of a liniment; it strengthens the heart when taken internally, and the leaves, when smoked, effectively relieve both asthma and consumption.—London Tit-Bits.

The Dandy Monkey.

The following interesting account of animal sympathy is extracted from James Forbes' "Oriental Memories": "One of a shooting party, under a banian tree, killed a female monkey and carried it to his tent, which was soon surrounded by 40 or 50 of the tribe, who made a great noise and seemed disposed to attack their aggressor. They retreated when he presented his fowling piece, the dreadful effect of which they had witnessed and appeared perfectly to understand. The head of the troop, however, stood his ground, chattering furiously. The sportsman, who perhaps felt some little degree of compunction for having killed one of the family, did not like to fire at the creature, and nothing short of firing would suffice to drive him off. At length he came to the door of the tent, and finding threats of no avail began a lamentable moaning

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THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1902.
COMMERCIAL PROGRESS.

Walter J. Ballard, of Schnefeldt, N. Y., whose communications, appearing occasionally in the Chronicle, has a very interesting statistical article in the February number of the Protectionist in relation to our commercial progress abroad in 1901. He is a very careful student of trade and economics, and his views are worth remembering. The article in the Protectionist is particularly interesting and valuable as it shows the great export and import trade this nation is enjoying with other nations.

Mr. Ballard says that the exports of American machinery rose from \$19,500,000 in 1900 to \$21,000,000 in 1901, an increase of \$2,500,000. The figures for England are \$76,000,000 to \$85,000,000, an increase of only \$9,000,000. Germany shows \$10,000,000 against \$15,000,000, an increase of \$5,000,000. The other countries do not figure as factors of moment, Germany outstripping England, and we came with \$3,000,000 of outstripping England and Germany added together in this one line. In France and Austria-Hungary there is an unusually large demand for machinery.

It was Victor Hugo who said: "To open the door of a school house is to close the door of the jail." Applying this thought to Porto Rico, Mr. Ballard says: "Tranquility and contentment prevailing, increased exports, more profitable agriculture, roads being built, debts being paid, tolerance of opinion more common, 857 schools open with 324 teachers and 4,500 scholars, 32 school houses constructed, increasing revenues, and \$200,000 on hand, is the New Year's greeting of Governor Hunt to the people of the island of Porto Rico, and to its best friend, the United States."

Some statistics of trade are furnished that show our wonderful progress as a nation. The fact is highlighted that Switzerland bought \$11,511,000 worth of goods of us in 1900, against \$7,851,000 in 1895. Republic gain Norway bought of us, directly and indirectly, \$8,500,000 in 1900, but we got direct, American-owned merchant vessels sailing to Italian ports. Hungary bought of us \$2,000,000 in 1900, and sold to us the same amount. Our prospects are bright. Field and farm products sold abroad last year, produced no less a sum than \$500,000,000 in gold. An American bank has been established at Caracas, Venezuela, with a fifty years' charter, and capital of \$2,895,000.

Things are coming our way in China, says Mr. Ballard. Our moderation in the Chinese troubles was not in vain. In 1900 we sold to China 161,000,000 yards of cotton cloth, but in 1901 it was 167,500,000. Our export trade in boots and shoes for the first ten months of 1901 was much larger than for the same period in 1900, the figures being \$2,710,711 against \$2,192,116. Owing to the heavy stone demand, the export of leather was kept down to \$18,737,232, an increase of only \$37,681.

Japan is becoming a very good customer of ours. From Yungel Sound in the three months ending November 30th, we shipped 18,137 bales of cotton, valued at over \$1,000,000, against \$20,000 for the same period in 1900. Steamship facilities have been largely increased. During 1901 the states of Washington and Oregon shipped to Japan nearly 500,000 bushels of flour, weighing 45 pounds each, at the rate of \$2.50 per barrel. California also sent some—about 150,000 sacks. We also sent large quantities of cigarettes, as well as bicycles, photographic supplies, liquors and luxuries. To Bombay, India, we quadrupled our exports of boots and shoes during the past year.

CLIPPINGS.
The former fiancée of Signor Marconi is acting very much like a person who is preparing to land on the stage.—Dover Democrat.

King Edward's coronation medals are being made in this country. Isn't that enough to jar the jaw teeth of the British lion?—Atlanta Constitution.

After all, the feminine conventions succeed in conducting their meetings with less flagrant lapses from parliamentary procedure than those which sometimes occur at the Capitol.—Washington Star.

According to the best information at hand, the eruption at Mount Pelee was simply due to the volcano having taken a water cure, and naturally the eruption followed, as in the case of the Philippine.—Haverhill Gazette.

Tilman holds the record for talking his fellow democratic senators into

the cloakroom and out of the capital. Tilman and reflects that it can't elect any senators.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Because we eat meat, the Hindoos regard us as no better than cannibals. We can greatly reduce our expenses, baffle the beef trust and win the esteem of the Hindoos by substituting bananas for beef.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Fighting Bob says that he and Prince Henry saw more pretty women to the square inch in Milwaukee than anywhere else on their tour. But then, lots of girls from other cities went to Milwaukee to see the prince.—Manchester Mirror.

Perhaps Kubelik cried on leaving this country for the same reason that the little boy on leaving the Sunday school picnic. He had eaten all he could and filled his pockets full and wept because he couldn't carry away any more.—Manchester Mirror.

A woman in Chicago is said to have been made insane by overwork in preparing papers to be used at women's clubs. Well, that's nothing against it. There have been more women go insane over the drudgery of household work.—Newburyport News.

National lines sink into nothingness when the world sorrows in the presence of disaster so horrible as that which has befallen Martinique. The worst fears have been more than verified by the news from St. Pierre. Any day may bring the news that the blow already dealt St. Vincent was only preliminary to one more deadly. The immediate consideration now is the prompt relief of the suffering in these islands where the peace of tropic beauty was changed in the twinkling of an eye to a scene of death and desolation unparalleled in history.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

AT THE COLONIAL.

The Boston Globe says: "The Strollers attracted a huge audience to the Colonial theatre last evening and it was quite evident that the entertainment proved to be enjoyable, for several of the songs and choruses were encored so many times that the final curtain did not fall till past eleven o'clock."

"The musical drillery" is one of those nondescript dramatic structures that have been so much in evidence for the past half dozen years, a little of the burlesque, a very little in the way of plot, quite a lot of vocal music and dancing, handsome scenery, elegant and numerous costumes, shapely girls, comedians of both sexes and all combined in a hodge-podge bank in action, and designed merely to serve as an entertainment.

Among the musical selections received with special favor were "Lotaria," "Look in the Dream Book," "Flirtation," by Marie George and a chorus of German officers; Miss George's comic song, "Baby Mine"; Mr. Henshaw's "Pleasant Song" with chorus; "Strollers We," by Miss George and Mr. Henshaw, the "Amiable" duet and chorus, Miss Le Wit and Mr. Henshaw, and the grand finale of the second act. The setting of the last act was odd, the stage representing immense ruins, the backdrop being perforated and showing some of the chorus people peering through the apertures. Here was introduced a gorgeous panorama, landscape and chorus, which were the spectacular features of the show.

There is a large chorus, and the work in singing and dancing was excellent throughout the evening, showing that the members had been well coached. All in all the entertainment is pleasing, and deserves to prove very popular during the engagement at the Colonial.

RAN INTO THE GRANDSTAND.

Tommy Lynsky Injured in Baseball Game At Exeter.

The recently organized baseball team of the Portsmouth High school journeyed to Exeter, on Wednesday afternoon, and met defeat at the hands of the 1902 class team, of Phillips Exeter academy, by a score of thirteen to twelve. Frank Newick pitched for the locals, and notwithstanding a lame arm, did creditable work. Tommy Lynsky, left fielder for the locals, while running for a high fly, collided with the grandstand, and was picked up in a senseless condition. He was taken to the Cottage hospital in Exeter, where it was discovered that he had sustained severe bruises about the chest, and had two ugly cuts over his right eye. He was not, however, seriously injured.

STOLE MAPLE SUGAR.

And Then Threw it Into the Cellar of the North Church.

John Frink, a laborer, sixty years of age, and giving Canada as his home was arrested this afternoon by Officer McCaffery charged with the larceny of a quantity of maple sugar from the store of Cater and Benfield. When detected in the theft Frink ran out of the store and threw the sugar through one of the cellar windows of the North church.

WENT TO EXETER.

Among those present from this city at the Good Templars' celebration in Exeter on Wednesday evening were Charles W. Wiggin, Miss Wiggins, B. F. Russell, Walter Russell, Mrs. Ella Lucas, Mrs. Caroline Randall, Miss Lillian M. Moody, Mrs. Carrie Cowell, Curtis Marston, Miss Emma Russell, Arthur Clark, Miss Marguerite Wiggins, Edward Hadden.

BRIDGE TO BE CLOSED.

The second New Castle bridge which has been in continuous service for eighty years, will be closed this week to travel and the new causeway across the breakwater will be used hereafter. The new drive was built last year by Major David Urch and it is a big improvement on the bridge.

THE DIXIE OFF.

Auxiliary Cruiser Starts For St. Pierre.

Heavily Laden With Supplies For Sufferers There.

A Number Of Surgeons Are Also On Board.

New York, May 14.—The auxiliary cruiser Dixie, which has on board almost three thousand tons of supplies, consisting of food and clothing, for the relief of the people at St. Pierre, on the island of Martinique, passed out of quarantine at ten minutes past twelve o'clock today, for Fort de France. She will probably reach that place next Tuesday. The Dixie also carries a number of surgeons and about \$5000 worth of medical supplies.

Still In Eruption.

Castries, Island of St. Lucia, Tuesday, May 13.—The Soufriere volcano on the island of St. Vincent is still in destructive eruption. A terrific cannonade can be heard a hundred miles away. The reports are followed by columns of smoke, rising miles into the air. Immense balls of colored fire also issue from the crater, lightning is playing fiercely in the upper sky and the whole northern part of the island is one mass of traveling flame. It is impossible to reach the burning district by land or sea, and there are no means of estimating the destruction wrought to life and property. Kingstown, the capital of St. Vincent, is still safe, though showers of ashes and pebbles are continually falling on the town. The volcano is invisible. It has been officially reported that there are sixteen hundred dead, up to yesterday, in St. Vincent.

The Destruction Appalling.

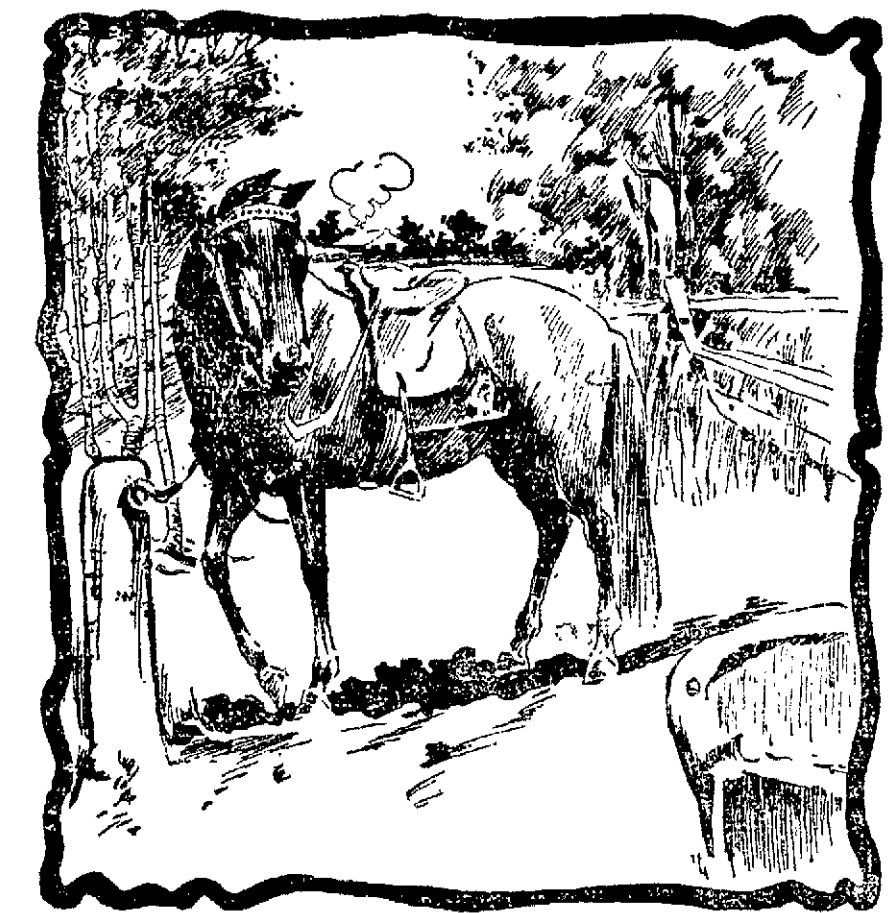
Castries, Island of St. Lucia, May 14. The correspondent of The Associated Press here, has visited St. Pierre, Martinique, by the relieving steamer Kenneth. The destruction there is appalling. The streets are two feet deep in ashes and cinders, which cover thousands of dead bodies scorched and blackened and with the appearance of having been plunged into boiling pitch. Many of the dead were never touched by the volcanic fire and some of the houses and warehouses destroyed show no signs of burning. At Moutillage, in the southwestern portion of St. Pierre, the town hall is still standing as high as the first story, while at the fort, in the northeastern part of St. Pierre, the most massive stonework is undamaged. The church tower, built by the Jesuits two centuries ago, of Cyclopean masonry is now like a huge heap of old metal. Soldiers are guarding property from prowling gluttons, who are robbing the dead. They meet with seven punishments when caught. The streets are still obstructed by huge piles of debris and dead bodies. The work of clearing the thoroughfares will necessitate the employment of large numbers of men for many months. Moudage Rouge, near St. Pierre, is preserved, and Basse Pointe and Marcoula are yet unharmed. But the crater is still active and smoke and ashes are blowing steadily northward. The surviving inhabitants are trying to cross from St. Pierre to the island of Dominica in boats. Many drowning casualties are reported. Assistance is constantly arriving at Fort de France from all the neighboring islands. It has just been officially reported that there were 1600 dead up to yesterday in St. Vincent.

Provisions Needed.

Washington, May 14.—The navy department today received a number of messages bearing upon the Martinique disaster. Lieut. B. B. McCormick, commanding the Potomac, sent the following from Fort de France, dated yesterday: "Inhabitants St. Pierre, 16 vessels, totally destroyed. Surrounding villages, uninhabitable. Land covered with destruction. Ashes within five miles Fort de France. Provisions needed 50,000 refugees within ten days. Requested extra short stores. Commandant San Juan, Commander McLean of the Cincinnati called from Fort de France under today's date as follows: "Arrived St. Pierre this morning, came here message assisting government Martinique. News disaster St. Vincent, have sent Potomac. Will follow if necessary." Admiral Barker, commandant of the Brooklyn yard, telegraphed as follows: "Bulk freight at any time with two hours' notice." Secretary Hay today received the following cablegram from Consul Ayne in answer to the secretary's inquiry as to whether fresh water and supplies are needed: "Water not needed, but food imperative for 50,000 refugees. I have cabled this to the governor of Porto Rico, answering his query as to what was wanted. I shall lay here to distribute supplies. The Cincinnati is here." Adjutant General Corbin has received a cablegram from San Juan, Porto Rico, stating that the collier Sterling will sail today with supplies for Martinique.

The Witt Clinton Commandery, Knights Templar will hold a special convocation tomorrow night at the asylum in Congress block when the order of the Temple and Malta will be conferred upon several candidates.

The Herald's Daily Puzzle.



WHERE IS THE OWNER OF THE HORSE?

PERSONALS.

Paul Kimball of Concord, N. H., is visiting in this city.

Ernest A. Collins of Seabrook is visiting relatives in this city.

Herbert O. Prime has gone to Lake Winnepesaukee on a fishing trip.

John T. Bartlett, Esq., of Raymond was a visitor at a town on Wednesday.

Mrs. S. Lizzie Locke of Seabrook passed Wednesday night in this city.

Mrs. Mary Reagan of Charlestown formerly of this city, is passing a few days in town.

Judge George H. Bingham of Littleton registered at the Hotel Rockingham last night.

Rev. George W. Gile will return from his summer home at New London, N. H., on Friday.

Miss Minnie Hopkins of Newcastle, Me., is visiting her brother, H. C. Hopkins, at the Rockingham.

Samuel Bartlett and son of Dover, who have been passing a few days in this city, have returned home.

Walter L. Marden of New Hampshire college is passing a few days in this city, the guest of relatives.

Dr. Fred S. Towle and Alderman George A. Wood will leave for Maine Lakes the 22nd inst. on a fishing trip.

Miss Ethel V. Lawrence of Morristown, N. J., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. William F. Hoehn, Rockland street.

Mrs. Fred Stackpole, wife of Councilman Stackpole, is the guest of friends in Manchester for a few days.

Mrs. Grace L. Hoehn has returned to this city after a six weeks' sojourn at her former home in Morristown, N. J.

J. Clifford Hanson of the construction drafting force at the navy yard, is confined to his home by illness.

Mrs. Arabella V. Washburn of Middle street is visiting her brother, Howard L. Jackson and family of Brighton, Mass.

Edward Smith of Gates street was given a pleasant surprise party on Wednesday evening by about thirty of his friends.

Mrs. Mark Reed and Miss Fannie Bayley of Haverhill, Mass., are the guests of Mrs. O. C. Moore of Middle street for a few days.

William H. Topping, clerk to the House Invalid Pension committee of Washington, D. C., was here last evening on his way to Manchester.

Chief Engineer John D. Randall attended the meeting of the executive committee of the State Firemen's association in Concord on Wednesday.

AT THE NAVY YARD.

A force of construction painters are at work on the hull of the tug in the dry dock.

One of the schooners that has been unloading stone sailed on Wednesday afternoon.

The rudder was taken out of the tug Nezinecott on Wednesday to be made wider.

It has taken nearly eight tons of wire iron and other material to equip the U. S. S. Detroit with electric lights.

H. H. Edwards, stenographer and typewriter severs his connection with the general store this week and goes to Boston, Mass.

Two blasts of the fire alarm on Wednesday forenoon started the men connected with the fire department but that was all that took place.

The steamer Samuel Butterfield has been taken off the route between this city and the navy yard and it is said, will be hauled up at Kittery Point.

The top mast of the flag staff that has been over hauled and painted was put in place on Wednesday afternoon and "Old Glory" looks prouder than ever.

Capt. Pruett, who has charge of the tug H. Chapel, connected with the rock drill and dredger, is a well known Portsmouth boy and the son of John Pruett, many years cook aboard vessels in and out of this port and who formerly resided in Commercial alley.

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MISS SIMPLICITY.

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THE HERALD.

MINIATURE ALMANAC,
MAY 15.

SUN RISES..... 5:41 | MOON SETS..... 10:55 A. M.
SUN SETS..... 7:38 | FULL MOON..... 10:35 P. M.
LENGTH OF DAY..... 14:34

Full Moon, May 23d, 5d. 46m. morning, W.
Last Quarter, May 30th, 7d. 0m. morning, W.
New Moon, June 6th, 14. 11m. morning, E.
First Quarter, June 13th, 21. 51m. evening, W.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

Washington, May 14.—Forecast for New England: Fair Thursday, light west to northwest winds; Friday fair.

MUSIC HALL BOX OFFICE HOURS.

Open 7:30 to 9:00 a. m., 12:30 to 2, 5 to 6, and 7 to 8 p. m., three days in advance of each attraction. Tickets may be ordered by calling Telephone No. 37-2.

THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1902.

TO-NIGHT.

Young Men's Whist club, Conservatory hall.
Frank Daniels in Miss Simplicity, Music hall.
Lecture on "The Philippines" by Miss Elizabeth Robbins, Court street Christian church.

CITY BRIEFS.

Milder weather.
Now for lobster salad.
It was a great day for Hampton. Unlicensed dogs are catching it.
Next Sunday will be Whit Sunday.
Miss Simplicity at Music hall to-night.
Not quite warm enough for the glidy shirt waist.
Social festivities of the indigent are about over.
Strawberries are selling for ten cents a box in some places.
The U. S. battleship steamer Line is tied up at Jones' wharf.
Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 24 Congress street.

Compare the Herald with other evening papers.

Middle street was sprinkled today for the first time this year.
Pork products have made another advance in the whole city market.
The early apple blossom is suffering from a severe case of the grip.
Lions Brown has returned to his duties as steward on the tug Mathews.
The Shoals schooner Flying Eagle, has gone into commission for the summer.
The clock at the Frank Jones, brooding company is six minutes too slow.
The water works people are kept busy connecting new houses with water.
The schooner Flying Eagle carried a cargo of coal to the Shoals on Wednesday.
Join the crowd and witness the greatest theatrical hit of the season at Music hall tonight.

Boston capitalists were in town on Tuesday making inquiries as to real estate in Portsmouth.
Miss Simplicity at Music hall this Thursday evening.
Assistant Marshal West safely escorted the inmates of the city jail to Brentwood on Wednesday.
A number of local sports will attend the Dwyer-Nashua baseball game at Central park on Saturday.
The premier Sam Adams came in from the Shoals this Thursday morning for supplies for the islands.
The forthcoming annual encampment at Concord forms the chief topic of conversation at the armory now.
The electric railroad men are receiving their new uniforms and they will be worn for the first time on Memorial day.

The big poles for the carrying of the feed wires for the new electric light plant are being placed in position on New Vaughan street.
Constitution circle, Companions of the Forest, is to hold a whist and dancing party in Congregatory hall on Tuesday evening May 27.
Late theatre cars to York Beach and Hampton tonight.

"The greatest gathering of politicians ever known in the state," said a man just back from the Hampton gathering on Wednesday.
Golden Rule circle of King's Daughters of the Baptist church has voted to hold a "Backward" social on Thursday evening, May 22.
The men in the parish of the Pearl street church gave a fish chowder supper at the vestry on Wednesday evening, which was very profitable.
Harry Ball of Somersworth and Fall River was presented with an order for a \$50 suit of clothes when he went to the bar for the first time in Dover Tuesday.
Italians arrived on almost every train from Boston on Wednesday and hiked over to Freeman's Point. The Italian settlement there is growing to enormous proportions.
The naphtha launch which has been used by Mr. Thomas Leary for the past few years has been sold to Mr. Fred Boynton and is being put in condition for the summer.
The several courts are to meet in this city as follows: Probate, May 20, July 15, Sept. 16 and Nov. 18; U. S. District court September 16 and Superior court October 21.
The Miss Simplicity company arrived in town on the 16:10 train today, the principals going to the Rockingham, while the members of the chorus did a sprint act about town in search of boarding houses.

HERE IS A TRUNK MYSTERY.

City Marshal Receives Telegram From New York Police.

ASKING HIM TO HOLD THE TRUNK.

Said To Contain Stolen Property And Shipped Here By A Colored Woman Named Green.

At the American Express company office is held a small trunk and there hangs a tale.
It seems that the trunk arrived on Monday last and was addressed to a colored man by the name of Green, who resides on Bow street and is employed at the power station of the Rockingham County Light and Power company.

On Tuesday a grip sack arrived addressed to the same party and is still at the express office.

On Wednesday evening Marshal Entwistle received a telegram from the captain of station four, New York City police department to call at the American Express office and take charge of the trunk addressed to Green and which contained stolen property. The telegram did not state what the stolen property consisted of or give any information as to the manner in which the booty had been obtained.

Manager Parsons refused to deliver the trunk over to the police saying that he had no authority to do so.

Another telegram which arrived on Monday was delivered to Green. It was from his wife in New York City and stated that she had got in trouble with her neighbors and asked for him to come on at once. Green left on the Flying Yankee for New York and was due to arrive back last evening at nine o'clock but failed to show up.

The police think that the trunk contains property that was stolen by Mrs. Green and shipped to her husband in the city. They think that the telegram purporting to have been sent by his wife asking him to come on at once emanated from the police and that it was a trap to get hold of Green and that he bit at the bait.

Another telegram which has done much to complicate the case arrived Tuesday requesting that the trunk be shipped back to New York and signed by Mrs. Green.

Manager Parsons was seen this noon time but refused to allow the police a glimpse of the trunk because the newspapers would run the advertising notices of his company free of charge. He admitted that there was a trunk and said that he was a fool not to have shipped it back last night. It was not in the office at present but was in storage in the city.

One who has seen the trunk says that it is a very ordinary affair about two feet six inches in length and something less than half that width. It is covered with some black material, probably coarse cloth or canvas, and is bound at the corners with sheet iron painted black. It is strengthened, as is usual with trunks of that class, by strips of some light colored wood about three inches in width. It has a brass lock, somewhat larger than the ordinary trunk lock.

Marshal Entwistle had officers watching all Boston trains on Wednesday in the hopes that Green would return and try to obtain possession of the trunk but now thinks that both the man and his wife are in custody there.

Marshal Entwistle says the trunk is still at the American Express company's office.

ROBBED THE CASH REGISTER.

Arthur Hersey Enters Young's Grocery Store in the Night.

Arthur L. Hersey, a young lad about fourteen years of age was arrested this morning by Officer Quinn on suspicion of knowing something about the breaks at John H. Young's grocery store on the corner of Deer and Vaughan streets.

Mr. Young has been missing various sums of money from his cash register right along but could not seem to trace the thief.
At the station house young Hersey broke down and confessed to robbing Mr. Young's cash register no less than eight different times getting in all quite a sum of money.
It seems that he would wait until after the store closed at night and then enter the cellar through a cellar window and pass through a trap door to the store above. Besides taking the money he carried away articles from the stock of goods.

SERIOUSLY HURT.

Edward Raitt Thrown Between Cars and Ribs Fractured.

Edward Raitt, freight conductor on the Eastern division of the Boston and Maine railroad, met with a very serious accident between this city and Salisbury, Wednesday afternoon, while on his train. The air hose suddenly

broke, causing a sharp setting of the brakes and the jerk threw Conductor Raitt down between two cars, crushing several of his ribs and otherwise injuring him internally. He was at once brought to his home on Sagamore avenue and put under the care of a physician.

POLICE COURT.

Thomas Dwyer who resides at 37 Water street, appeared before Judge Emery this morning on charge of not sending his son, John Dwyer, to school in compliance with the city ordinance requiring him to do so. Mr. Dwyer pleaded not guilty, and stated that it was his wish that the child attend school and that the boy had not done so, it was no fault of his.

Superintendent of Schools H. C. Morrison testified that John Dwyer was registered as an attendant in the fourth grade of the Haven school, under Miss Knox, but that his daily attendance had been very poor. At this point Judge Emery inquired if Mr. Dwyer had any objection to his hearing the case on account of his being a member of the school board. Mr. Dwyer said that he had no objections.

Alvah H. M. Curtis, principal of the Haven school was the next witness. He stated that John Dwyer, while registered at the Haven school, had a very poor record for attendance, and that to his personal knowledge he had been absent about one-eighth of the time; now much more he could not say. He had talked with the boy and handed truant cards to the officers, but with no effect.

Officer McCaffrey testified that he had been asked to serve truant cards bearing the name of John Dwyer upon his father, Thomas Dwyer, but had been unable to do so, owing to the fact that Mr. Dwyer was always absent at his work when he called. He had, however, handed them to Mrs. Dwyer.

Judge Emery decided that the evidence was insufficient, and City Solicitor asked for a recess of fifteen minutes, in order to summon Miss Knox, teacher of the fourth grade at the Haven school. The request was granted and Miss Knox was summoned before the court.

Miss Knox brought with her the school register which showed that out of two hundred and sixty-five sessions since the opening of the school year last September young Dwyer had missed eighty-six. She further testified that on one occasion Mr. Dwyer had brought the boy to her, saying that he had found him at play on the wharf, and asserting that it was his desire that the boy should attend school regularly. She said that for a from his parents. She thought that the very small proportion of his absences the boy had brought written excuses from his mother and said that his behavior was none of the best, when he was in school.

Mr. Dwyer testified in his own behalf that his orders were that the child should attend school. He knew that he was stupid on account of the excessive use of tobacco. He said that he believed the boy had played truant, and further stated that he was mischievous and associated with rather a tough crowd of youths. Officer McCaffrey corroborated this last statement.

Mrs. Dwyer was then called before the court and appeared bearing a young child in her arms. She was a trifle nervous and as her examination proceeded she gave some evidences of breaking down. The court treated her very considerably. She admitted that she had kept her son, John Dwyer, at home a number of times, perhaps as often as twice a week, as she needed him to aid her in her household duties. She declared that she had kept him at home no oftener than was absolutely necessary and that she wished him to go to school.

When Mrs. Dwyer had concluded her testimony Judge Emery admonished the parents that John Dwyer must attend school with greater regularity in the future, and called their attention to the fact that the law did not accept need of the child's services as excuse for non-attendance. Both Mr. and Mrs. Dwyer promised to do all in their power to keep the lad in school in the future and the former repeated his assertion that he had always wished him to attend regularly.

Mr. Dwyer was held under his own recognizance, for the sum of \$100, to appear before the court at any time it might be considered necessary to receive sentence under the charge before the court. Young Dwyer is between thirteen and fourteen years of age.

KNEW ST. PIERRE

George Smith Well Acquainted With Ill-Starred City.

Was Many Years A Sailor In The Service Of The United States.

Last Visited The Doomed Metropolis Of Martinique In The Famous Frigate Kearsarge.

George Smith, who is employed in the yards and docks department at the navy yard and who resides at No. 4 Partridge street, was well acquainted with the ill-starred city of St. Pierre, which so recently met a fate almost exactly similar to that which overtook the Roman city of Pompeii, which was destroyed by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius in the year 79 A. D. Believing that our readers would be interested in a description of St. Pierre, as it was before the eruption of Mount Pelee from the lips of a fellow townsman, a representative of the Herald called upon Mr. Smith at his home.

"I am told that you knew the city of St. Pierre, Mr. Smith," said the reporter, "and that you have been there a number of times. Is this true?"

"Yes, I have visited St. Pierre several times," replied Mr. Smith. "I was for many years a sailor in the service of the United States, and I have enjoyed shore duty at St. Pierre more often than at any other port in the West Indies. It was a beautiful old city, and I have passed many a pleasant hour wandering about its streets and through its parks. The news of its destruction came as a great shock to me and at first I refused to believe the press dispatches. No one in St. Pierre feared Mount Pelee. It was believed to be dead, and the man who would have ventured to predict ten years ago that an eruption of the volcano would one day wipe the city out of existence would have been laughed at. At the time of my last visit to St. Pierre, the top of the mountain was obscured by a thin cloud of steam, or more probably vapor, but there were no other signs of activity."

"The harbor of St. Pierre was really no harbor at all. There was no shelter to speak of, and except for the close proximity of the land and the comparatively small water, there was little difference between anchoring in the harbor and anchoring in mid-ocean. There were no docks along the water front of the city and all freight was discharged onto lighters. A low beach, which nowhere rises more than five feet above the level of the sea, extends along the water's edge for two miles or more and runs back toward the city for from one-half to three-quarters of a mile. From the beach the land rises in a low bluff toward the city and back of the city rises gradually to the base of Mount Pelee. This did not seem to be more than two or three miles from the city itself, but it was, of course, much farther than that."

"The architecture of St. Pierre was of a quaint and attractive design and the public buildings were both beautiful and elaborate. The dwellings of the wealthy classes were built of stone but those of the poorer classes of whites and of the natives were of wood. The people of St. Pierre were mostly of mixed blood. The pure whites were almost entirely of French birth or parentage, and the balance of the population was made up of negroes, Indians, Creoles, and people of mixed negro and Indian blood. I have never met a more light-hearted or a more generous people, and I have visited every quarter of the globe, than those same people of St. Pierre and I have often thought that some day I would go there again. I hardly believe I shall care to do so now, however. I last visited St. Pierre in the old frigate Kearsarge which was wrecked on Rancador reef in 1894. Thus both the city and the ship in which I last visited it have passed out of existence."

Simon Harmon, who conducts a grocery store on Marey street, was a shipmate of George Smith's for several years, and was with him on the Kearsarge at the time of Smith's last visit to St. Pierre. Harmon never landed in the doomed metropolis of Martinique, but during his term of service in the navy he was several times on board ships at anchor in the dangerous harbor of St. Pierre.

TO HAVE GAS.

Gas Company Will Run Mains to Christian Shore in the Spring.

The Portsmouth Gas company is to extend its gas mains over to Christian Shore before another year has passed by. At present the gas mains run as far as the Palfrey mansion on New Vaughan street.

\$1700 IN CLAIMS ALLOWED.

A session of bankruptcy court was held in this city on Wednesday at the United States court room before Referee Shurtliff. The principal business was the settling up of the Gerber case of this city. Claims to the amount of \$1700 were allowed.

HAS TO LOCK HIS DOOR.

A local restaurant man has to lock his door every noon time on account of the rush he has between the hours of twelve and two. After he gets in all he can accommodate the door is locked and then the overflow is admitted as fast as room can be made for them.

This is general closing night and from all appearances all hands are going to music hall.

TENTH ANNIVERSARY.

Storer Relief Corps Celebrates It Fittingly.

Marcus M. Collis Camp, S. Of V., Given A New Set Of Colors.

Miss Fannie L. Deverson Installed As Senior Department Vice President.

Storer Relief Corps, No. 6, celebrated its tenth anniversary, on Wednesday evening, in Philbrick hall. The members of the Hampton and Seabrook Relief corps and of Storer Post, C. A. R., and Marcus M. Collis camp, Sons of Veterans, were entertained as the guests of Storer corps.

The guests were received by Mrs. Nellie M. Twombly, president of Storer Relief corps, (Captain M. H. Bell, Miss Fannie L. Deverson, senior vice-president of the department of New Hampshire, and Mrs. Adaline P. Kent, past department commander of this state. The guests were presented by Lieutenants Trask and Lang, of Marcus M. Collis camp, Sons of Veterans.

Supper was served from seven to nine o'clock. The menu is published below:

Hot rolls.	Salmon salad
Lobster salad	Pickles
Olives	Cold tongue
Cold Ham	Custard Pies
Cream Pies	Assorted cake
	Coffee

After supper, the following gentlemen and ladies responded to the call of Mrs. Twombly, president of Storer Relief corps, for speeches:

Marcus M. Collis, past department commander; Mrs. S. Lizzie Locke, president of Seabrook Relief corps; A. M. Lang, commander of Storer Post; Capt. J. Louis Harris; Mrs. Lucy Marston, president of Hampton Relief corps; George L. Collis, captain of Marcus M. Collis camp; Charles L. Hoyt, adjutant of Storer Post; Miss Fannie L. Deverson, senior vice-president of the department of New Hampshire; Fred L. Trask, first lieutenant of Marcus M. Collis camp; Mrs. Adaline P. Kent, past commander president; A. W. Lang, second lieutenant; Marcus M. Collis camp; Simon R. Marston, quartermaster of Storer Post; Pay Director Joseph Foster, U. S. N. At the conclusion of the speeches, the following musical and literary program was carried out:

Piano duet, Misses May and Vida Whittier

NEW

Couches, Iron Beds, Refrigerators, Chairs.

SEE OUR STOCK BEFORE BUYING.

Antique Furniture.

No one has disputed our claim that we have the largest and most valuable display in the state.

J. L. O. COLEMAN, C.

61 MARKET ST.

Reading, Miss Olga Beyer
Graphophone selections, Mr. Schrier
Vocal trio,
Joseph and Henrietta Meyer and
Leta Booma.
Piano solo, Mrs. Carlisle Clark
Vocal solo, Miss Ethel Seavey

The two principal events of the evening were the presentation of a new set of colors, the gift of Storer Relief corps, to Captain George L. Collis, of the local camp of the Sons of Veterans, by Mrs. Emma A. Wendell, and the installation of Mrs. Fannie L. Deverson, who was elected senior vice-president of the department of New Hampshire, at the recent convention in Concord. The installation exercises, which were appropriately of a military nature, were very impressive.

The general committee was composed of the following ladies: Mrs. Lizzie A. Estes; Mrs. M. Ella Freeman; Mrs. Margaret Snow; Mrs. Clara E. Bell; Mrs. Lizzie Fernald; Mrs. Minnie J. Whittier; Mrs. Margaret Dame; Mrs. Jennie Dore.

Music lessons on Violin, Cornet, Mandolin and Banjo, R. L. Reinwald, Bandmaster U. S. Naval Band, 6 Court street.

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BEDDING PLANTS

And We Are The People To Sell Them To You.

OUR GREENHOUSE

Is The Best Stocked In The City, And You Have Only To Ask For What You Want In Order To Get It.

Artistic And Appropriate.

Funeral Designs

Furnished At Short Notice.

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FLORIST.

Newcastle Ave., Telephone Con.

DANIEL STREET BAKERY.

Our Facilities For Bread Making Cannot Be Surpassed In The City. We Use Only The Highest Grades Of Everything To Be Had.

HOT ROLLS AND DOUGHNUTS

Every Morning From 6 to 8. Every Evening From 4 to 6.

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18 Daniel Street.

THE BEST FOUNTAIN PEN MADE.

L. E. Waterman's Ideal.

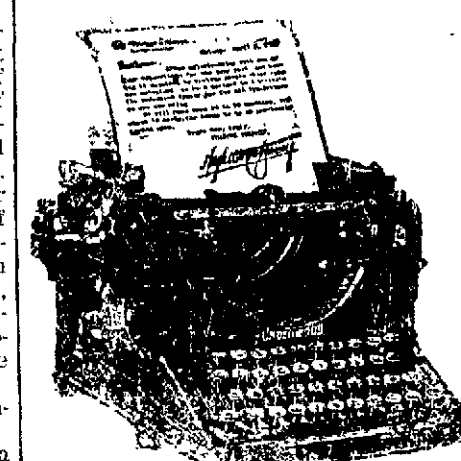
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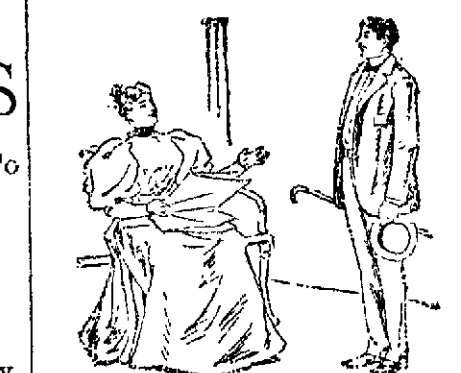


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UNDERWOOD At the Herald Office



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Many people shout Low Prices. The prices are low—so is the quality of the goods. We say low prices and we lack up the statement with a good strong reason. We can make the best clothing—make it as well as it can be made—at low prices, because our expenses are light and we have many patrons. There is no use throwing money away. There is no use paying any more for perfection than you have to. We will be glad to see you at any time.

HAUGH, LADIES AND GENTS TAILOR 20 High Street.

Old Furniture Made New.

Why don't you send some of your badly worn upholstered furniture to Robert H. Hall and have it re-upholstered? It will cost but little.

Manufacturer of All Kinds of Cushions And Coverings.

R. H. HALL

Hanover Street. Near Market.

Your Summer Suit

Should be WELL MADE, It should be STYLISH And PERFECT FIT.

The largest assortment of UP-TO-DATE SAMPLES to be shown in the city. Cleansing, Turning And Pressing a Specialty.

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